Change Your Mind

by Chance

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> Summary: In which Lucas examines his own life and who he is and decides things must change.
 Archive: The Wanderings, ELF Command, Avant Guard, and WWOMB, anyone else please ask.
> Disclaimer: I don't own seaQuest, I think Amblin Entertainment and the SCiFi Channel do. The song "Change Your Mind" is the property of Sister Hazel and I make no claim to it. No money was made.
Author's notes: Thanks to Shannon for the beta Inspiration can come from the weirdest places, I've heard this song a ton of times before, and I remember thinking it would make a great fic somehow, but I heard it today and it screamed at me to get off my ass and write it, so here it is
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 Lucas slumped against the bulkhead, letting his head bang slowly into it, until a dull pain settled in the back of his skull. God, how he was so _tired_ of dealing with stupid people and constantly having to prove to them, that yes, he _did_ know what he was talking about, and probably better then they did! Why was it so hard for people to believe he could understand what they were saying, age be damned?
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 It wasn't like he went out of his way to make fun of anyone, or prove he was "better" then the other science members; he just tended to think so much faster than them that he would reach the conclusion minutes-maybe even hours or days -- before them and didn't remember to keep his mouth shut. That made the others resent him and he didn't understand why. Well, he _did_, but it didn't mean he had to sit there and take it.

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 So what if they felt upstaged by the -- what was the phrase he'd overheard-oh yeah, "fifteen-year-old pip-squeak." He didn't do it on purpose! All his life he'd been treated bad just because he was "different." He hadn't asked for the genetic code that had somehow combined to make him a genius. He didn't know why he grasped things supposedly _years_ beyond his comprehension. He just did; he'd had to pay for it almost every day of his life and he was sick of it.
>
 The seaQuest was supposed to be different. He'd had little hope that he would be treated better, but he's dreamed that maybe they'd all eventually be able to get past his age and just let him be himself without him having to constantly have to hide behind the exterior he's carefully cultivated. He'd always had to be the "bright" one. The oh-so-prickly-prodigy that could answer any question, impress his parents' friends, and then quietly sink into the background so he wouldn't be an annoyance. All his professors, all his supposed "friends" -- with the exception of a precious few -- only wanted him around for the public value. Hey look at me, I've got the freak as a friend! God he was just so _tired_ of it all. He just wanted to be him and damn the consequences!
>
 Lucas sighed and closed his eyes. Would it really be worth it to let his true self out? Would these people like him anyway? At the moment, the only true friends he had were on the senior Bridge crew and they seemed to like him okay, but would they like the _real_ him? The one who liked to joke and play around, the one who wasn't a cocky little shit most of the time, the one who _didn't_ know all the answers, but tried his best when it was asked of him. Could he really be that person and still keep the friends he had?
>
 He hoped so, because he didn't think he could go on like he was. Always pushing himself aside in favor of the "other" Lucas, the one he let people see. Things were going to have to change in a big way, because other wise he was going to do something extremely stupid. Either hurting himself -- which he didn't want to do-or another major disaster like the one that had precipitated his move to seaQuest. He'd just wanted his father to pay attention to him, was that so wrong? Instead, he'd ended up with a good portion of the Buffalo police force in his front step and a two day intensive interrogation by the FBI, the UEO and anyone else that was interested in his little "deabacle" into federal computers. He could have been in and out of the National Defense computer without them knowing, but he'd wanted the attention and had left a blatant trail back to himself. He'd all but stapled a paper trail to his body and walked into UEO Headquarters.
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 He's gotten his father's attention all right; he'd also gotten sent to the underwater prison that was now his home. Lucky for him, it had turned into more of a blessing than a curse and he was happier on the seaQuest than he had been in a long time, but there was still a large part of him that wanted it all. The freedom to be who he wanted to be, not what _they_ wanted to be. It really was time for a change.
>
 Lucas quietly stood and wiped his face, trying to erase the evidence of the tears he had shed and calmly walked back to his quarters. Time to let the real Lucas Wolenczak out, and the first step he was going to make was to ditch the damn baseball shirts the maid had so wonderfully stuck him with. Never one to follow traditional ways, Lucas had changed himself to be who others wanted him to be; now he was going to be who he wanted to be, inside _and_ out.
>
 ~If you wanna be somebody else
> ~If you're tired of fighting battles with yourself
 ~If you wanna be someone else

> ~Change your mind...

End
file.